

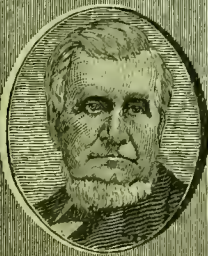
HOLINESS TO THE LORD
THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AND
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young

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GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

CONTENTS.

OUR WORDS	Annie G. Lauritzen	313	TOPICS OF THE TIMES	The Editor	333
TEMPERANCE.....		313	A DEED OF KINDNESS		336
THE AUTHOR OF "PARADISE LOST"....		315	GOD'S FARM		336
"FLAXY".....	Alan Clifford	315	THE LITTLE PEACEMAKERS.....		
THE MUSIC HE LIKED		320	Hattie Young	337
ZAMBESIA		321	READY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY ...		339
THE LORD'S HELP	E. F. P.	324	HOW WASTE IS SAVED.....	J. C.	339
EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.....		325	OUR LITTLE FOLKS:—		
FILIAL AFFECTION REWARDED			LETTER TO THE CHILDREN	Lula	341
.....	Mary Grace	327	ROBBIE RICHARDS		342
GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG			YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES:—A Dream—Grass		
.....	Wm. A. Morton	330	Valley.....		343

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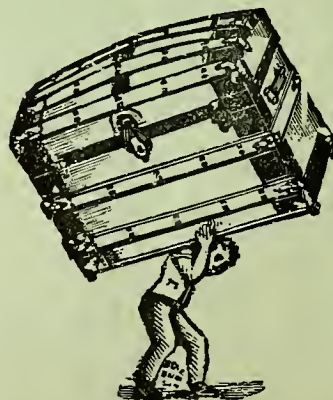
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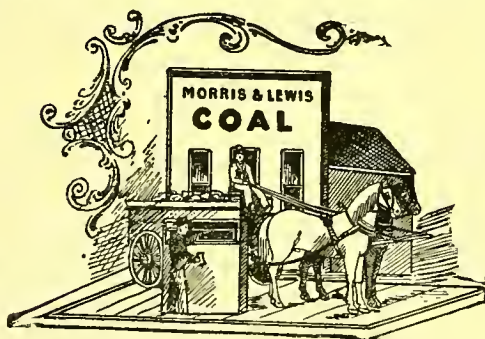


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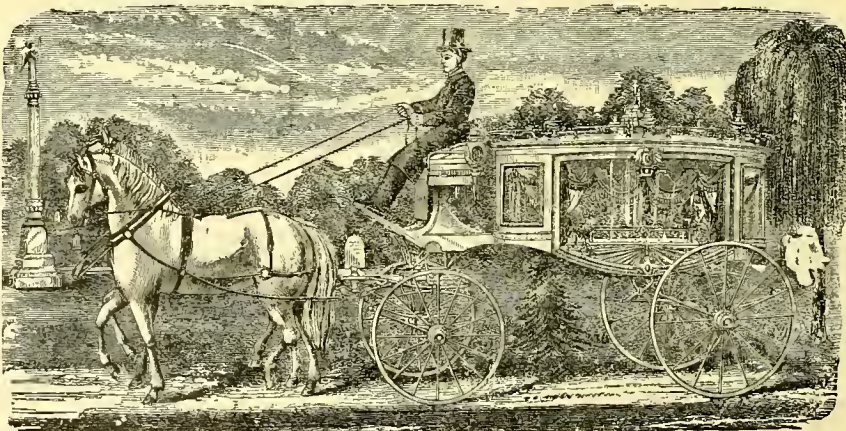
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From our Neighbor, Wyoming.

Hon. John C. Halm, Prosecuting Attorney for Uinta county, Wyo., whose home is at Evanston, endorses Dr. G. W. Shores and his associates in the following clear and concise language. Mr. Halm says:

"My little daughter has suffered from catarrh for some time. The first we noticed of her trouble was a cold in her head; then she had what the doctors call Catarrhal Fever. One attack would follow another so quickly that it began to undermine her health. Her appetite began to fail and she would complain of feeling very tired and miserable. Her nose would stop up so bad that often she would have to breathe through her mouth. Upon the slightest exposure to cold, she would experience chilly sensations. Such was her condition when I consulted Dr. G. W. Shores. He assured me that she could be cured thoroughly and without discomfort, and I concluded to try his treatment, and, in a word, she began to improve almost immediately and has continued to improve in every way ever since and is now almost a different girl, eating, breathing and sleeping like a healthy, growing girl should.

I am pleased and thoroughly satisfied with my experience with Doctor Shores and his associates.



And Another Nearer Home.

Mrs. C. M. Johansen, of Coalville, Utah, while in the city during conference, called on Dr. Shores to renew old acquaintance and gives the following for publication: "Some time ago I was treated by Dr. G. W. Shores and associates for polypus in my nostril. The polypus had grown to such a size as to be very painful and uncomfortable and greatly retarded my breathing. Dr. Shores entirely removed all traces of it in a painless operation, and there has been no signs of it returning since. I would have died if it had not been for Dr. Shores.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1896.

No. 11.

OUR WORDS.

I was sitting, sitting silently and wondering what to write,
While before me on the table lay the paper pure and white;
I didn't care to soil it with one naughty, useless word,
When the echo of the muse's voice within I faintly heard,
Saying, "Write, write, write I pray thee, of the words that do abound
Profusely as the autumn leaves that scatter o'er the ground!
Each harsh word is as a stone cast in the deep, blue sea,
Causing the waves to ripple on the ocean broad and free;
And the farther from the place it sinks the larger grow the waves,
Till you hear it echo back from long unknown and hidden caves;
Thus words unkind once spoken, cast upon life's troubled sea,
Will be as dismal sounds of sorrow coming back to thee,
To howl into thine ears their fell distraction's biting blasts,
Their gloom and sorrow on thy life's declining years to cast;
Kind words are as the bread of life upon the waters thrown,
And surely 'twill return to thee before thy life has flown,
As sounds of angels' voices singing unto thee their praise,
Filling thy soul with melody in life's declining days;
Then cast thy bread of kindness on the waters while you may,
For surely 'twill return to thee thy kindness to repay;
Nor cast the stones of slander on the waters to return
In ceaseless waves of torture that will cause thy soul to mourn."

Annie G. Lauritzen.

TEMPERANCE.

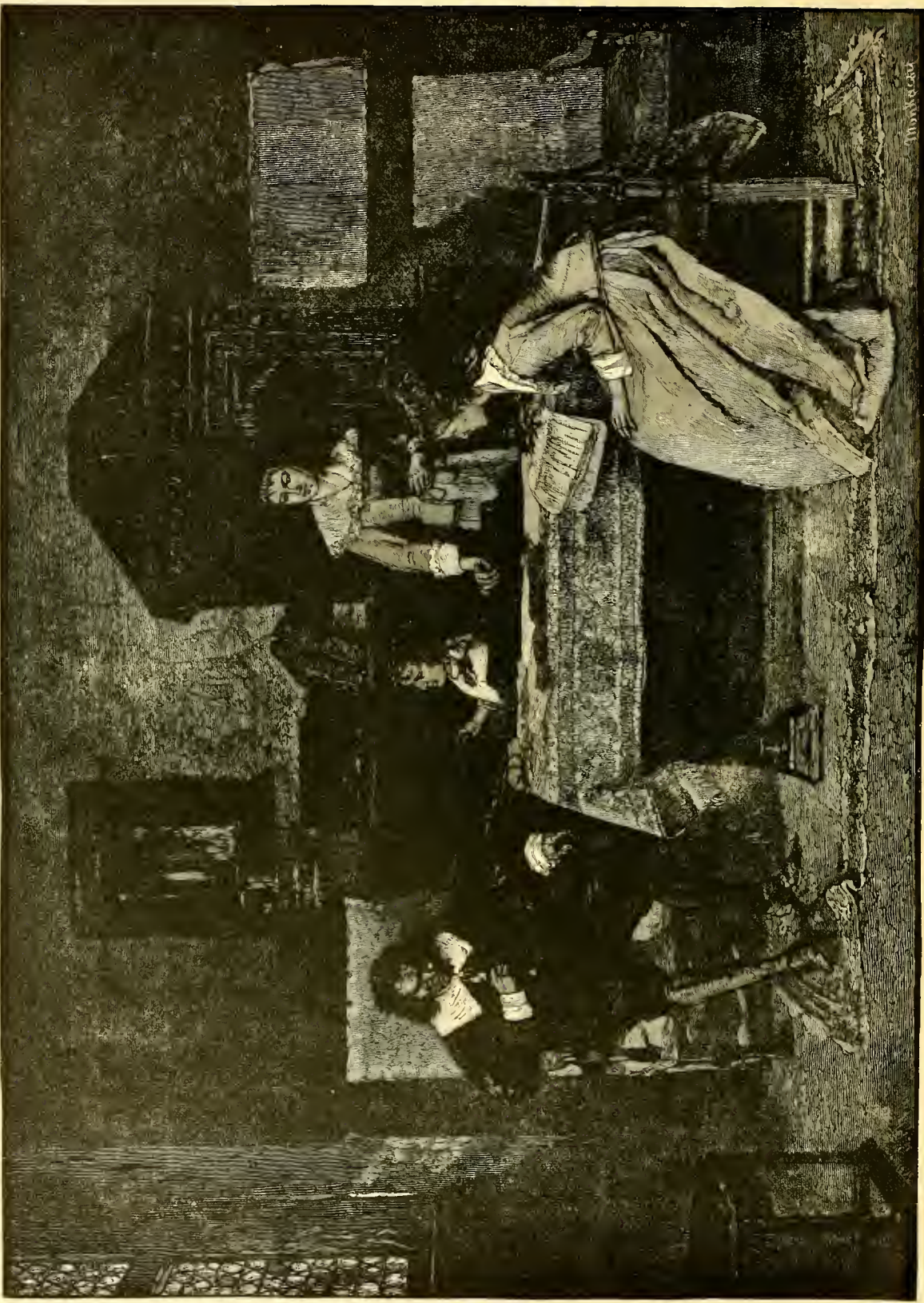
It was not in the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea;
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the ruby wine cup,
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And then my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood,
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope that might have been,
For the brand of a beast besotted,
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure,
My poor weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story,
That mothers so often tell,
In tones of infinite sadness
Like the tones of a funeral bell,
But I never thought once when I heard it,
I should learn all its meaning myself,
I thought he'd be true to his mother;
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion;
Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe from danger
Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy the great evil?
No bar in their pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible maelstrom
The thousands of boys going down!

HAPPINESS consists in activity; it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool.



THE AUTHOR OF "PARADISE LOST."

A few weeks ago this paper contained a picture and a brief sketch of a noted historical writer, Prescott, who during several years of preparation for one of his greatest histories was deprived of his eyesight. He was forced to depend upon others for that which he would have gladly and more capably done for himself in the preparatory research incident to accurate historical work; but Providence having willed it otherwise, he bravely accepted the situation and suffered his great misfortune without in the least manifesting any disposition to abandon or postpone the work on which he had set his heart.

It is now our privilege to invite the reader's attention to another great light of literature, who also employed the English tongue, and who also suffered from blindness during a portion of his life. Of him Dr. Johnson wrote that though he had faults of diction, he did not lack in variety and copiousness; "he was master of his language in its full extent; and has selected the melodious words with such diligence that from his book alone the art of English poetry might be learned." We refer to John Milton, the cotemporary of the iron Cromwell, and the author of the immortal poem, "Paradise Lost." He was born in 1608, and was afforded the best opportunities of education that money could give, both in schools and in travel. In middle life he returned from a long absence from England, and went to teaching school, during this period writing many treaties and pamphlets, which show his adoption of the Puritan severity of manner and savageness of thought. One of his works of this period was an argument justifying the beheading of King Charles

I., written, he claims, "to compose the minds of the people." Soon afterwards his eyesight began to fail, and it was not long until he was totally blind. His ambition had been to become the author of three great works—an epic poem, the history of his country, and a Latin dictionary. The two latter projects, though in a measure carried through, made for their author no fame. The poem he began, and although interrupted for a time by the restoration of Charles II. and various fears as to what course the latter would pursue as to those who had been his royal father's enemies, Milton was at length emboldened to go on and finish it, his great masterpiece. Of course he was compelled to use the pen of others; and in the manuscript of the great poem there are many different handwritings. Our picture represents one of his daughters acting in the capacity of scribe; and his own offspring no doubt helped him more than anyone else—he having been married three times and twice left a widower with children—his third wife survived him. He died at the age of sixty-six, and was buried in London.

C.

"FLAXY."

It was the boast of the Horseshoe-Bar outfit that no coward had ever drawn wages riding for the brand since its range had been in New Mexico. The company had driven in its herd from the Indian Territory about five years previous to the time of which I write, and turned the cattle loose on the Mimbres.

The cowmen of that section asserted that the Horseshoe-Bar "punchers" were, collectively and individually, the "toughest" lot of men that ever roped a maverick or "burned" a brand.

Everybody in Los Pinos, the nearest town to the ranch, knew when the bi-monthly checks came to pay off the Horseshoe-Bars. A wild carousal in the two or three squalid "bells" of the town, sometimes varied by an enlivening exchange of shots with the marshal or a deputy sheriff, was the inevitable sequel to a pay-day at the ranch.

The sight of two or three Horseshoe-Bar horses hitched in front of a saloon, was a sufficient intimation to the more peaceably inclined citizens to keep within the quiet precincts of their homes, and sedulously to exclude any ray of lamp or candle from escaping through the windows after dark.

But these wild riders did not always have things exactly as they wished,—that is, their own way. Occasionally, after one of their visits to town, it became necessary to impanel a coroner's jury and the foreman of the outfit was compelled to hire a new hand.

Such was the case in the summer of 188—. "Black Sam," the "horse rustler," had fallen before a well-directed bullet from the marshal's Winchester, living just long enough after the crack of the gun to bequeath his saddle, bridle and spurs in payment of a gambling debt, and to beg his more fortunate comrades to "get squar" with the minion of the law for his death.

The "round-up" was in progress, and another "horse rustler" was indispensable; but unemployed cowboys were very scarce in that vicinity at that season, and several days passed in a fruitless search for a hand.

"I'll take anythin' es can sit straddle of a horse," Ben, the foreman, finally declared. "I don't believe I'd balk at a Chinaman, if one was to offer hisself."

His trouble was at last ended by the entrance into camp one evening of a

lank angular, tow-headed young fellow, whose beardless face proclaimed him scarcely yet a man.

"I heard this yer outfit wanted a hoss rustler, an' I come to get the job," he announced, in a melodious southern drawl.

"Can you ride a 'bronk'?" queried Ben, running his eyes over the ungainly figure before him.

"I've rid some, but I dunno es I'm any bronco 'buster.'"

"Got a saddle?" was the foreman's next question.

"My hoss an' saddle's over at Los Pinos."

"All right. Go an' get your horse, an' come up to camp. You can go to work in the morning."

"D'you suppose the flaxy-headed cuss is any 'count?" Ben asked the boys, when the new acquisition had departed.

"Get him to crawl ol' Ute in the mornin', an' you'll find out quick enough," suggested "Bronco" Dick, who prided himself on being able to ride "any hoss as ever growed ha'r," as he expressed it.

The hint was taken. Next morning, when "Flaxy," as he was already dubbed, received his mount, Ute, the most vicious "bucker" in the outfit, headed the list.

"Think you can 'stick' a mean horse?" queried Ben, with a dubious glance at the ungainly proportions of his new *vaquero*.

"I mout ride in a lumber wagon without fallin' out, if the end-gate was in," Flaxy replied.

"Throw your saddle onto that bald-faced sorr'l, an' let's see some o' your circus-ridin'!" retorted Ben, nettled by the explosion of laughter at his expense which Flaxy's sally had created.

Nothing daunted by the admonitory

snorts and lunges of Ute, Flaxy adjusted his saddle and tightened the cinches.

"Better put a 'blind' on him afore you crawl him," cautioned "Bronco" Dick.

His advice was unheeded. Flaxy's bony left hand grasped the check piece of the heavy bridle, pulling Ute's head down on his left shoulder; his right seized the horn of the saddle in a firm grip; his ungainly left foot slipped deftly into the stirrup; the spur on his right heel flashed through the air, and he landed in the saddle as easily and gracefully as a bird alights on a mountain cedar.

As Bronco Dick afterwards expressed it, "he stayed with ol' Ute like he'd growed thar. Ol' Ute, he 'sun-fished,' 'swapped ends in the air,' fell back twict, an' tore up ten squar' acres o' groun'; but the boy rid him to a finish."

Two months went by and the checks came once more. The killing of "Black Sam" by the marshal was far from being a dead issue, and it was decided to go into town and "shcot it up a lot."

When the horses were saddled, and the would-be raiders were ready to start, Flaxy sat quietly on the edge of his rough bunk, plaiting a rawhide quirt, at which work he was something of an adept.

"Got your hoss saddled?" queried "Monte" Charley, eyeing him and his occupation with a glance that denoted inward dissatisfaction.

"I'm not goin' to town," replied Flaxy simply, and without looking up from his work.

"You ain't, eh? What you goin' to do with yer check?"

"Salt it down," Flaxy replied good-humoredly.

"Pears to me, you don't belong in

this outfit, nohow," snorted Charley, as he strode out of the room.

After an absence of three or four days, the men returned,—all save "Bronco" Dick, who, with a bullet hole in his thigh, languished in the enforced seclusion of the county jail.

Flaxy's life was full of unpleasantness after their return. To them he was a cowardly traitor, who had refused to espouse their quarrel or to take part in their carousal, and they were determined to make him feel the full weight of their insolent contempt.

Opprobrious epithets met him at every turn, his supposed cowardice was freely discussed in his presence, and life became as miserable for him as it lay in their power to make it.

More than once, when some epithet of an unusually insulting character was hurled at him, his hand involuntarily stole toward the pistol he wore at his side; but some secret thought,—some motive known only to himself, forbade him to draw it.

During the month of October, a "beef gather" of Horseshoe-Bar steers was in progress, and the "chuck" wagon became the temporary home of the outfit. They had worked down the Mimbres for several days, and were within a few miles of the ranch, the road to which lay through a rocky canyon, or pass, which pierced a low range of hills just ahead.

During the past two years, several raiding parties of Apaches had attacked the ranches on the Mimbres, and rumors of Geronimo's band having lately been seen in the vicinity were current.

It was a very hot day, even for New Mexico, and the tired and footsore cattle trudged wearily along over the dusty, sun baked plain. Continual spells of guard duty had made serious

inroads on the nightly rest of the men during the "gather," and many of them nodded and swayed heavily in their saddles as they rode along in the rear of the herd.

Flaxy, riding in the rear of his special charge, the "remoda," or horse herd, thought it was the hottest day he had ever known, and he cast covetous glances at the cool shades of the green cottonwoods on the river bank, a mile or so to the left.

There was one spot in particular, where the trees grew in a thick clump, that looked specially inviting, and it made him feel cooler just to look at it.

"Hello!" he suddenly muttered. "I didn't know any other outfit was working the Mimbres."

A straggling line of horsemen rode quietly out of the clump which had attracted so much of his attention, and headed for the herd.

A second glance, and a warning shout pealed from Flaxy's throat that effectually aroused his somnolent comrades in front. Turning in their saddles, they beheld that which momentarily chilled the blood of the most daring.

Riding swiftly toward them came a score of painted warriors, their wiry ponies bounding over the scorched plain like wolves on the trail of a deer.

Unhampered with the cattle, there was scarcely a man in the outfit who would not have welcomed a brush with the savage raiders. But the property of their employers was at stake, and lax as were their morals on other lines, they were loyal to the interests of the men at whose table they broke bread.

"Stampede the herd, boys, an' keep 'em headed for the gap!" yelled the foreman, after a brief glance at the pursuers.

To accomplish this object, pistols were fired rapidly, the ends of lariats descended in hissing cuts on the backs of the "drags," and with loud yells and sulphurous imprecations, the unweildy mass of cattle was urged into a run.

A moment later the horse herd came thundering by, effectually completing the stampede, and the wild race for the pass, still three long miles away, was begun.

Flaxy was not with his equine cohort. He had stampeded them with a couple of shots from his Winchester, but his own pace was only sufficiently accelerated to keep him well in the rear of the swiftly-moving steer herd.

When the last steers entered the mouth of the pass, the Apaches were about four hundred yards behind. They knew that the speed of the herd must necessarily slacken in the narrow, rock-strewn canyon, and visions of a dozen scalps in different shades, and booty of various descriptions, were probably uppermost in their minds as they urged their fleet ponies to increased speed.

But they were destined to meet an unhealthy disappointment, in the guise of a cowardly boy, who neither drank whisky, nor gambled, nor believed in personal altercations with officers of the law.

When the leading warriors arrived within one hundred yards of the canyon's mouth, they saw an angular figure on a raw-boned, bald-faced, sorrel horse, blocking the passage.

As they reined in their ponies to consider this unwelcome impediment, the dark tube in his hands rose swiftly to a level with his right eye, and suddenly spat out a breath of fire, and smoke, and inhospitable lead, that tumbled over one of the most valiant braves of the great Apache nation.

Yelling with fury, they spurred their nimble ponies up the slope, sending a whirlwind of bullets ahead of them. But before half the distance was passed, the two foremost warriors swayed and lurched in their sheepskin saddles, and then tumbled ignominiously to the ground. The others wheeled round in full career, and beat a hasty retreat.

Ute was a mean horse to ride, but he did not seem to have much fear of leaden pellets. He faced the storm like a hero, till a bullet entered his brain, and he dropped under his rider with a sigh that sounded almost like contentment.

The "boys," far down the pass, heard the fusilade, stopped, counted noses, and missed Flaxy.

Suddenly "Monte" Charley turned his horse on the back trail.

"Boys, Flaxy's behind at the gap, standin' off the 'Paches, an' I'm goin' back to him."

A wave of chivalry swept over them as he spoke, and they saw things as they really were. Suddenly it dawned on them that the life of the boy battling so bravely at the mouth of the pass, was worth more to them than all the cattle in New Mexico.

The next moment they were racing their panting horses up the pass, nor did they draw rein until they came in sight of a sorrel horse lying in a heap on the ground, and an angular, tow-headed figure stretched out beside him, and weakly endeavoring to steady the barrel of a carbine on the horse's rounded flank.

The rough hands that raised him and bore him to the shadow of a convenient rock were instinct with the tenderness of woman's sympathetic pity. Shame and regret clouded every face, and tears

of tardy contrition or unavailing sorrow stole down many a bronzed cheek.

A rapidly receding cloud of dust out on the plain indicated the retreat of the Apaches, and all were at liberty to minister to the comfort of the sufferer.

"What made you stay behind?" asked Ben, as he held one of the boy's nerveless hands in both his own.

"I wanted to give you fellows a show to get through the pass," he gasped, a triumphant smile illuminating his face. I knew if the 'Paches caught us in this narrow place, all bunched up with the cattle, they'd ride over the top of us, an' I thought I'd stay back an' stan' 'em off till you boys got through."

He died while the sun was still high in the heavens, but not before he had whispered his story into ears grown eager to listen.

A little sister, a hopeless cripple, dwelt on the banks of the far-away Brazos. Father and mother were both dead; and an aunt, who was very poor, had given her the shelter of a home.

"Liney's the purtiest singer in Texas, an' she plays the fiddle better'n anybody," he whispered. "I was savin' up to send her to school. I was workin' for Liney,—an' you hurt me awful when you called me a coward, boys!"

There was not a dry eye in the party when his noble soul commenced its heavenward journey, and "Monte" Charley voiced the sentiments of all when he said:

"Fellers, there's the remnants of a boy thet we couldn't hold a candle to. He were the kind fer us to stay with, an' build to, an' help all we could; an' consarn our mangy pelts, if we didn't insult him every turn in the road: An' think o' the little crooked-backed sister he wus agoin to eddicate!"

Flaxy had requested that his scanty belongings might be sold, and the proceeds sent to Liney, which accounted for the unusual spectacle of an auction at the Horseshoe-Bar ranch the next time the checks came.

The articles put up seemed to be greatly in demand. One hundred dollars was bid for a pair of half-worn spurs, and the same amount for a pair of saddle-blankets.

When the sale closed, the financial aspect of Liney's education was an established fact.

Alan Clifford.

THE MUSIC HE LIKED.

"I always thought I was fond of music," said Farmer Greene, "but since I visited Matilda in Boston I've had my doubts about it. I hadn't been there a day before Matilda she says to me, 'Now, father, we're going to have a musical, and I do hope you'll enjoy it!'"

"Of course I shall, says I. 'You know how fond I am of them famous old Scotch songs you used to sing, and how I'm always ready to jine in when anybody strikes up 'Coronation.'"

"Well, this will be the best music you ever listened to," says Matilda, and my mouth watered to hear it.

"The night of the concert you ought to ha' seen the folks pour in, in all silks and satins and flowers. Matilda wore, well, I don't rightly know what, but I think 'twas silk and lace. Pretty soon we all got quieted down, and then a German, with long hair and a great bushy beard, sat down to the piano and began to play. My, how he did bang them keys! There was thunder down in the bass, and tinklin' cymbals up in the treble.

"The lady that sat side of me whisp-

ered when there was a minute's stop, 'Do you distinguish the different motives?'"

"My, no!" says I. 'I don't see what anybody's motive could be for workin' so hard to make a noise.'

"Then she smiled behind her fan, but I don't know what at, whether 'twas the music or me.

"When the piece stopped everybody hummed and whispered to each other how lovely 'twas, and a good many told the German how much obliged they were. I didn't say a word.

"Then a tall woman, all fixed up with silks and furbelows, sang a piece that almost made my hair stand on end, it went so high, and had so many ups and downs in it. She was master smart; anybody could see that, but somehow I didn't fancy that kind of singin'. It made me uneasy. When she was climbin' up to her high notes, I wondered if she'd ever get there; and when she dropped down again, I wanted to say, Now you've got through it safe once, don't try it again!"

"Well, pretty soon Matilda came round to me and whispered, 'Father, how d' you like it?'"

"I don't care much for it," says I. 'It's a little too much like frosted cake when you want plain bread.'

"She laughed, and in a minute I heard her sayin' to one of the performers, 'My father's a little old-fashioned, you see, and would you mind?'"

"What do you suppose happened then? Why, that woman that sung the trills and warbles stood up, and, without any piano playin' at all, sung 'Ye Banks and Braes,' and 'John Anderson.' How she knew what I liked I never could tell, but she sang the songs I've loved since I was a boy, and when she

got through the tears were streamin' down my cheeks.

"'Bless you, my dear!' says I, and I went up to her and shook both her hands. And it seemed to me she liked the songs herself, for when she looked at me her eyes were wet, too.

"I had a beautiful time, but I suppose it's no use thinkin' I appreciate real music."

ZAMBESIA.

That was a bright moment in the life of the noble Livingstone when first of any European he looked upon the mighty waterfalls of the African Zambesi. He had heard of them at the court of the Makolo chief Sepeletu—the natives talked with awe of "Mosi-oa-tunya" (smoke sounds there); and Livingstone describes how, while approaching the river, he heard miles off the thunder of the waters, and saw the five great columns of snowy vapor rising some hundreds of feet into the sky, then condensing into dark rain clouds and falling back in constant showers. He says, "Creeping to the verge with awe, I peered down into a large fissure of rock where the river, a mile in width, leapt into a chasm three hundred feet deep." The walls of this gigantic cleft are perpendicular, and wind on for thirty or forty miles. At the bottom the vast white torrent boils along its basalt bed. Bright rainbows gleam amongst the diamond spray. Livingstone named them the Victoria Falls. We give a view of the falls and also of the rapids below them in our illustration.

The Zambesi crosses Africa for about one thousand miles in the shape of the letter S. It drains a country of more than half a million square miles. The lands on its banks are fertile beyond

description. Park-like rather than forest, with splendid timber, they are rich in flowering shrubs, yielding dyes, drugs, oilseeds, and wild sugar-cane. There is the roabab tree, with a trunk sixty-five feet around, bearing fruit like a cocoa-nut. Inside the nut is found a dry, white powder, which makes an excellent cooling drink for fevers. There are also wild plums, wild grapes, and wild oranges.

The river's banks are thronged with game—zebras, antelopes, elephants, buffaloes; and in the desert plains, gnu, eland, and deer of all kinds, with guttural names ending in "bok." Besides there are lions, wolves, leopards and wild boars; and in the marshes and river basins herds of unwieldy hippotami bask and play. What a paradise for a naturalist!

In the tangled reeds and giant sedges, vast flocks of waterfowl, pelicans, and flamingoes wander or fly. Further afield pheasants and partridges, and in the veldt the ostrich and secretary bird abound. "So plentiful was the game," says Livingstone, "that our party had frequently to shout to the elephants and buffaloes which blocked our way." One cannot tell half the wonders that are to be read of in the two books of the heroic Livingstone. All young people love them. Surely a nobler, purer explorer never lived—not a spot rests on his beloved name. And like him was his memorable father-in-law, Moffat—true Christian gentlemen and devoted missionaries.

The center of Africa is a great table-land five to six thousand feet above the sea, high enough to keep the atmosphere cool and fever-free. There are two ways into Zambesia. You may land on the low, swampy, fever-haunted east coast, and proceed up one of the shal-



low branches of the Zambesi. The dense, deadly tropical jungle must be quickly passed; no white man can stay there and live. Only two of these mouths of the Zambesi can be ascended by steamers, and the Portuguese claim both of these. But lately England has demanded that the Zambesi, like the Congo, shall be open to the commerce of the world; and it seems to be likely so settled after all. The rapids on the upper Zambesi are a more serious matter. In the far future locks may be dug, or light railways laid past the falls; but at present there is nothing to be done but to land and load a mule or donkey train. But on land the mysterious tsetse fly hinders travel. It is a common-looking insect, not unlike a large house-fly (see illustration), perfectly harmless to men, goats or donkeys, but to oxen or horses its bite means death. The only plan is to avoid the tsetse districts altogether. But the road most followed is that through Bechuanaland. The emigrant lands at the Cape of Good Hope, and starts northward by the railway through the winding valleys of Hottentot land, past wonderful vineyards, through the rooste Karoo. North again past Kimberley, and the dusty diamond country to Vryburg, where the iron horse stops. Here he changes into a strong, dusty coach, drawn by eight sinewy mules, and is jolted, shaken, and hurried on through Bechuanaland, some five hundred miles. Then he mounts a large, roomy laage—wagon, yoked with numerous oxen. The driver carries a mighty whip, with a lash forty feet long, which he cracks like a gun. Roads there are none. Great boulders strew the way. Sometimes the wagon sinks up to the axles in a muddy pit or torrent. At night the drivers form laager; that is, make a circle or camp of the

drays and allow the oxen to graze. This takes time, but Mr. Rhodes is pushing on his railway, and soon Fort Salisbury will be its terminus the capital of Zambesia.

The soil varies greatly. Here it is a deep loam, which one day will bear mighty harvests. There is a stony, barren veldt, with frequent "Kopjies," or granite domes (see illustration). In other places it is lifeless, desert. What draws white men there? What do they all seek? One word tells the secret—"gold." The rocks glitter with gold; each hillside, the bed of every stream reveal it.

And now comes the strangest part of our story. In ancient times, so long ago that dates are wanting, a foreign race held the country. They built great round towers of granite, and long, circular walls and forts of fantastic, zig-zag masonry. They also came for gold, and have left furnaces, clay crucibles and smelting works scattered over acres of the rough hillside. It is in vain to ask who were these people; no inscriptions remain to tell us. Idols, carvings, pottery remain, but no records. Some people think Mashona is the land of Ophir, of which we read in I. Kings ix: 28.

Turning again to our picture, notice a portrait of the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, late premier of Cape Colony. Lobengula was, until recently, the warlike chief of the Matabele. He is shown administering justice at his kraal at Bamangwato. He is ten years younger than Lobengula, and has a noble character. He is said to be the best example in Africa of what a black ruler of good instincts, early trained in Christianity, may become. He was trained by Moffat. He is a total abstainer, and will allow no strong drink to be sold or stored in his coun-

try. We show also some very characteristic heads of native men and women. There is a steamer on Lake Tanganyika; an ox team crossing a river; musical instruments; and Bechuana weapons.

THE LORD'S HELP.

It is often remarkable how the Lord opens up a way for His faithful Saints to gather to Zion when they accept the Gospel in distant lands.

Some years ago two young men embraced the Gospel in a foreign country, and naturally desired to gather with the Saints at an early date, but were without means to do so. They conversed with each other about the matter upon several occasions, and at last concluded it would be a good idea to start out with what little means they could get and try to pay their way by stopping and working at different places as they might chance to get something to do. They presented their plan to the Elder who had charge of the conference in which they resided, and asked his advice in the matter.

The Elder did not approve of their scheme, and gave as a reason for his disapproval the opinion that men so young in the faith would be liable to fall by the wayside and lose their love for the Gospel if they attempted to travel in the way proposed, and would in all probability never reach Utah. After expressing his sentiments on this point, he looked down towards the ground for a few moments, as though engaged in deep thought. Then raising his head and facing the two young converts, he said: "Brethren, if you are faithful, the way for you will be opened up so that both of you can go to Zion very soon."

At that time there were no visible

prospects for the prediction to be fulfilled.

One of these young men, John —, had a friend to whom he had explained the principles of the Gospel, and who had believed his word and accepted the truth. Not long after the promise was made about the first-mentioned two going to Zion, this young convert came to Brother John — and said: "John, I am very much indebted to you for bringing the Gospel to me. I never can repay you fully for your kindness, but I expect soon to have some money which is due me. It will be more than enough to pay my passage and yours to Utah. If you will accept of it I shall be pleased to let you have the use of enough money to pay your way as well as that of Miss — (naming a young lady with whom John was keeping company); and when you go to Utah marry her, for she is a good woman and will make you a good wife. If you never become able to return the means it will be all right, I shall not require it of you."

The young man accepted of this generous offer, and in less than a year from the time the promise was made to him that he should soon go to Zion, he and the young lady mentioned were in Utah.

The other young man was not prepared to go at the same time, but came a few months later. Thus the prediction made to these two young men was fulfilled, and their faith in the promise made by the inspired servant of God was strengthened.

Some time after arriving in Zion, John — had the satisfaction of returning assistance to the brother who had paid his emigration, and that, too, at a time when the latter was very much in need of financial aid. *E. F. P.*

THE . . .
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE CRIME OF SUICIDE.

WE HAVE had occasion before this to dwell upon the dreadful sin, which is becoming very common, of men and women taking their own lives. We think it proper today to say something more upon this subject.

In recent dispatches which have come from the west we see it stated that a young man, twenty-five years of age, told the occupants of the house where he lived that he belonged to a suicide club and would kill himself when the proper time came. Those to whom he made these remarks treated the matter as a joke; for he was a quiet, good-natured young man, who seemed to be thoroughly sound in his mind, was not destitute of means, and belonged to a family that was in very good circumstances. His declaration to the effect that when his time came he would die like a man, and that it was not far off, failed to impress anybody with the seriousness of the threat. But he fulfilled his words; he took a dose of strychnine, and in that manner terminated his existence.

Whether his statement to the effect that he belonged to a suicide club is true or not, does not appear. There is nothing, however, improbable about that, because there have been well-known instances of men associating themselves together who entertained the

view that it was quite justifiable for men to take their own lives under certain circumstances. During a recent visit east we were brought in contact with a young medical student who informed us that a prominent professor in the college where he was a student advocated suicide as quite justifiable under certain circumstances and defended the practice before his class. Of course, where a man of standing like a professor in a college ought to be gives utterance to such sentiments, and advocates the propriety of self-murder, it is not strange that many people look upon it as the thing to do if misfortune, or serious trouble, or sickness comes upon them.

It is frightful to think of the condition of men and women who entertain and advocate such sentiments. Instead of viewing life as a state of probation, where trials and difficulties have to be met, contended with and overcome, in order to gain that experience which our Father deems indispensable for His children, people who entertain such ideas as here referred to, make no effort to exert fortitude in enduring the ills of life, but cowardly shun them by self-murder. Satan rejoices over such people, and takes delight in prompting them to these terrible acts. He, himself, has no tabernacle, and he would destroy, if he could, the tabernacle of every child of God. When men and women become possessed of devils this disposition is exhibited. Under their influence the tabernacles of the children of men are destroyed. When the Savior cast out devils on one occasion, they begged permission to go into swine, and, possessed of them, the swine ran down a steep place into the sea and were drowned.

The spirit which prompts men to destroy their own bodies is from the devil.

Latter-day Saints should teach their children in the most impressive manner the great value which they should attach to the privilege they have of possessing tabernacles and enjoying a probation on the earth. They should be taught also to take exceeding care of their bodies, that they may be preserved. At the same time, they should be taught not to fear death, but to be ready, if necessity requires, to lay down their lives for the truth, and not shrink from the ordeal.

The spirit to commit suicide is spreading on every hand. No wonder that it is so, if prominent and influential men defend it and assert that, under certain circumstances, it is justifiable. In doing so they show their gross ignorance of the purpose of God, and, however learned they may be in other directions, they are most foolish in this direction. It is the duty of the Latter-day Saints to oppose the spread of such devilish ideas. Among the many reforms that it is our mission as children of God to accomplish, this is one; and we should do all in our power to check this evil, both by example and precept.

The California poet, Joaquin Miller, recently delivered a lecture upon "Prohibition" before a convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, at Pacific Grove, California. Among other topics, he alluded to the crime of suicide, and said:

"Now, shall I tell you the cause of increasing intemperance among our rich and poor people in America? Bluntly, our poor and rich people have caught a fatal disease from the gay and luxurious French of Paris—a disease that makes them desperate—a disease that drives them to drunkenness, death—often death by their own hands, for ours is the land of suicides.

"And what is the fatal French disease

that is driving us to drunkenness—death by our own hands?

"High up on the portal walls of Paris and over their temple doors the French once emblazoned this mad lie: 'There is no God! Death is an eternal sleep.' And although this has been obliterated from the walls and temple doors, it still festers in the heart of every gay Parisian. He cries out in the night: 'There is no God! Death is an eternal sleep; and since death ends all, I will eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow I die.'

"This is the fatal disease the poor, rich people of America have caught from the gay French of foolish Paris. Our rich and traveled people will not be outdone by Parisians, even in atheism. They, too, cry out: 'There is no God! Death is an eternal sleep; therefore I, too, will eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow I die.' But can any law, prohibition or otherwise, reach the poor rich in America? 'More than 10,000 suicides and homicides last year,' said the superintendent of schools for California last month at Los Angeles. And did you ever hear of a suicide who was a Christian? Did you ever hear of a suicide who was a true Mussulman? Did you ever hear of a suicide who was a true Indian? I never knew or heard of a Mussulman who committed suicide. I never knew or heard of one who was not certain of another and better world. I never knew of an Indian in all my intercourse with them who committed suicide, and I never knew one who was not certain of immortality. He read it in the resurrection of the little seeds that fell from the trees into the hollow of God's hand. He read it in the resurrection of the great, dead, yellow year that had laid down in its shroud of snow, awaiting the roaring month of March to trumpet through the pines and

waken it again and garment it and garland it in foliage and in flames. And he never knew one doubt till the white man came to put aside his book of nature and try to teach him from another book."

FILIAL AFFECTION REWARDED.

A Story of Decoration Day.

It was the last Thursday in the beautiful month of May. All day crowds of people were thronging the streets and pressing forward towards the silent city where lay the precious forms of their beloved dead, resting in quiet, dreamless sleep.

Very early in the morning, long before the household were astir, Essie Blain had arisen and crept noiselessly down the stairs and out of the house. Some children had told her a day or two before that away on the hills there were lots of lovely wild flowers that any one might gather, and not have to pay anything for.

Almost a stranger in the city, and being naturally timid, poor little thirteen year old Essie shrank from contact with anyone she might be likely to meet, and felt glad that it was too early for many people to be moving about.

She walked briskly, and was soon on the brow of the hill above the city. The children had told her right. The ground whereon she stood was covered thickly with pure white sego blossoms, and there were also other flowers, the names of which she did not know.

It required but a few moments for her to gather as large a bouquet as she could conveniently carry; then she stood up and looked about her. Oh! how wonderful the scenery appeared to

her. Away to the west she could see, for the first time, the blue waters of the Great Salt Lake. And there, below her, lay the "City of the Saints," her mother's birthplace! The place, too, where less than a month ago her mother had died. And these flowers which she had so hastily gathered, were to decorate that mother's newly-made grave.

She turned her face quickly toward the cemetery. Would she have time now to search out that hallowed spot, her mother's sacred resting place? No, she dared not wait. Mrs. Goff would be wanting her help now, and would be very angry with her because of her absence. She had been away longer than she intended. The sun was now tinging with gold and amber, some small, fleecy white clouds which seemed to be caressing the rugged peaks of the eastern mountain; birds were waking up the world with their own wild songs, either of joy or sorrow, apparently mourning with those who were called to mourn, and rejoicing with those who might rejoice.

But Essie could not stay now to drink another draught of the sweet spirit of inspiration which was poured forth so abundantly from Nature's bounteous spring. She rushed down the hill, through the streets, and into the house just as Mrs. Goff was finishing an elaborate description of the "good-for-nothingness of that girl."

Essie was out of breath with the haste she had made; and it was well for her that Mrs. Goff was out of breath, too, with the exertions she had made in trying to do justice to the case by scolding.

While Mrs. Goff was taking breath, and getting ready for what she considered an appropriate sally upon the child, the latter timidly ventured to say

to her, "I've got these flowers to put on mother's grave."

"Mother's grave!" sneered Mrs. Goff. "Talk about decorating the grave of a person that was of no more consequence in the world than your mother was! We are going to the cemetery to decorate the graves of the brave, heroic soldiers of our country. You put those flowers in that bowl of water there, and get yourself ready for work, you good-for-nothing."

Essie silently obeyed, and Mrs. Goff hurried about, making preparations for the business of the day, and did not take time for further complaints or criticisms just then.

Presently a neighbor lady burst in, all excitement, to ask something about the time of starting, and which car they were to take.

"Oh, what a lot of beautiful sego lilies, and how delightfully fresh they are! What are they for, and where did you get them?" the neighbor exclaimed, upon noticing Essie's morning trophies.

"They are to mix with my scarlet carnations and purple pansies," replied Mrs. Goff. "You know the man had disposed of so many white flowers he could not furnish me any; but I think these will answer admirably; I rather like the blending of wild, native beauty with the more refined and delicate objects which are the results of cultured taste."

"Oh, that is perfectly elegant, Mrs. Goff!" cried her enthusiastic friend. "You do have the most charming ways of working everything up to perfection. I wish I had such tact as you possess. Let's see, you are to furnish two bouquets and three garlands, I believe."

"That is my understanding; I shall be all ready at half-past eight," replied

Mrs. Goff. "The major cannot go so early, but will join us later in the day."

"Dear, how sad! My husband will feel lost; I am so sorry!" wailed the neighbor as she departed, as uncereemoniously as she came.

"Essie, when the morning work is done, you can busy yourself with ripping up that green mantle of mine; I am going to have it dyed; mind you, don't cut the stuff," Mrs. Goff said in an imperative tone, as soon as the visitor had left. "And don't you leave the house while I am gone. I'll settle with you about your stealing off as you did this morning, when I have more time."

"If there's no great hurry about the matter, I should like to go for a little while today," said Essie, very faintly.

"There is great hurry, and you've had your 'go,' without leave, too; and don't you think of leaving this house again to-day," and Mrs. Goff hurried into her dressing-room to finish her toilet.

"I must go and visit mother's grave to-day. I cannot stay home," Essie said to herself weeping bitterly over her work as soon as she was alone.

"I can get more of the sego blossoms; they won't be so fresh and sweet after the sun has shone on them for hours; but mother will know——"

And then the poor child cried so hard that she could not talk to herself any more.

Later in the day, however, as she sat ripping up the heavy green mantle which she knew could not be wanted for use until winter should come again, a strange courage seemed to come to her. It lifted her to her feet, and made her drop the scissors on the floor, the sound of which startled her in spite of the new, fearless spirit which was prompting her to courageous action. She was

not dependent upon crabbed, cruel Mrs. Goff for her living. Why should she remain there like a bound slave, and never be allowed time, even to visit her mother's grave? Surely there were some kind-hearted people in the world? "And mother will help me find them, if I go to her grave, and thus show that I still love her memory," were the words with which she finished up this soliloquy.

She hastily put away the work left for her to keep busy at during the day; and after making herself ready, locked up the house, placing the key in its accustomed hiding-place. Her grief that day had made her almost helpless with heart-ache and faintness; but now as she stepped forth into the fresh air of the approaching evening, the new sense of freedom which had come to her, seemed lifting her above all feelings of pain, or even weariness. She did not steal along like a coward now, as she had done in the early morning; but walked bravely forward, not fearing to face any living soul whom she might meet; no, not even Mrs. Goff herself, if she did call her husband "The Major."

Still, she did feel rather comforted as she reached the hill where she had gathered flowers in the morning, that in all the throngs of people she had passed, her tyrant mistress had not appeared.

The flowers did not appear so plentiful nor so fine as they had done in the morning; doubtless many like herself, having nothing to buy with, had been there during the day for floral decorations. There were still an abundance, however, and it did not take long for Essie to gather what she considered a sufficient number for her floral tribute to place on her sainted mother's grave.

Then she stood erect again, as she had done in the morning, and looked

over the landscape away as far as her vision could extend.

"Oh, how beautiful?!" she exclaimed.

The evening sun was now just settling his beams in a belt of gold that lay along the western horizon, and all heaven above seemed smiling down with starry eyes upon the world, and saying, "Peace be with you."

Essie felt, though she did not then know how to express it, even to herself, "How much there is here that is grand and lovely to feast the natural eye and the eye of the mind upon! Shall I ever know why my brave, good and gifted mother left her home in the beautiful valley of the Great Salt Lake, and became a wanderer upon the earth? Oh, how glad I am that she came back here to die, that her grave is here, that I am here? She told me God was good; and He is good, and I am going to learn more about Him."

Then Essie entered the cemetery, and after some searching found the grave of her mother. When her eyes first caught sight of the dear name upon the plain deal at the head of the grave, a moan escaped her lips, which attracted the attention of two ladies who stood but a few steps from her.

She did not notice that she was observed, but wept quietly over her flowers as she arranged them simply but tastefully upon the grave.

"How young she looks, poor child, and all alone at this late hour!" whispered one of the ladies to the other.

"It seems to me as though I ought to know her, if I could only think who she is," said the other.

"Let's speak to her anyhow: she may be in great trouble."

"Wait a moment, Esther. Isn't she ever so much like your Tillie? Now

you notice when she lifts her head again."

"Come on let's speak to her."

"This seems to be a new grave, young lady; is it a relative of yours?" asked one of the ladies, in a very sympathetic voice.

"It's my mother," sobbed Essie. "She died only three weeks ago."

"Dear child, how sad for you!" said one of the ladies, slipping her arm around Essie and drawing her close to her side.

"But you know, don't you, that your mother still loves you?" she continued; "and can care for and comfort you?"

An ejaculation from the other lady now attracted attention, and prevented Essie's answering. She had stooped down and in the gathering twilight read the name upon the deal, "Matilda Madison Blain," and the date and place of birth and death.

"Esther! Esther!" she exclaimed, "this is the grave of our sister Mattie; and this is her child!" and she caught the little stranger in her arms and hugged and kissed and cried over her frantically.

Explanations on both sides were hurriedly made then, and more fully and calmly afterwards.

Essie found not only good homes but loving hearts with her aunts and cousins. In time she learned what her mother had never told her—that the reason of her wandering off from her home was a bitter disappointment in a youthful love affair, caused through a misunderstanding, which both parties were too proud and too sensitive to ferret out and explain. She married hastily, and her fidelity to her husband caused her to follow whither he led, out into the world, away from her early home and friends.

And Essie, in turn, told of her father's death, and how her mother returned to Utah only in time to die, and be buried by strangers, not having found her relatives.

Mrs. Goff was visited by Essie's aunts and afterwards Essie was taught to pity rather than to despise that hard-hearted woman, who had selfishly offered her a home at the time of her mother's death.

"For," said Aunt Emily, "although very well learned, after the wisdom of men; and worldly wise to an unusual extent, her heart is uneducated; and concerning the weightier matters, the things of God and His kingdom, poor woman, she is grossly ignorant."

Essie also had to learn that the spiritual strength which sometimes came to her, and gave her courage and power to rise above and defeat contending obstacles, would have to be carefully guarded and made to move only in the right direction; or it might carry her into trouble, as it once did her best beloved mother.

Mary Grace.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON III.—FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST.

JESUS CHRIST is the Son of God. His mother's name was Mary. She was a most beautiful virgin, a descendant of King David, and lived in the city of Nazareth. One day an angel came to Mary and told her that she had found great favor in the sight of the Lord, inasmuch that she had been chosen to be the mother of Jesus, the Savior of the world.

Jesus was born in Bethlehem, a small town about four miles south of Jerusalem. There is a difference of opinion among learned men as to the year of Messiah's birth; but, according to the best authorities, we believe it was in the

year of Rome 753, at a period of the year corresponding to our month of April.

Long before the birth of Christ the prophets prophesied concerning Him—concerning His lowly birth, His humble parentage, and even foretold the names by which He would be known among men. Not only that; but they also told with equal clearness of His noble life-work, of His cruel death upon the cross, and His resurrection from the grave.

In Isaiah vii: 14, we read: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel." (The interpretation of the word Immanuel is, God with us.)

The birthplace of Messiah was foretold by Micah, the prophet, more than seven hundred years before the event, in the following prophecy: "But thou Bethlehem Ephratah (Ef-ra-tah), though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be a Ruler in Israel." (*Micah v: 2.*)

Nephi, while dwelling in the wilderness with his parents, had a most glorious vision given unto him. He records it thus:

"And it came to pass that I looked and beheld the great city of Jerusalem, and also other cities. And I beheld the city of Nazareth; and in the city of Nazareth I beheld a virgin, and she was exceedingly fair and white. And it came to pass that I saw the heavens open; and an angel came down and stood before me; and he said unto me, Nephi, what beholdest thou? And I said unto him, a virgin, most beautiful and fair above all other virgins. * * * And he said unto me, Behold the virgin whom thou seest, is the mother of the Son of God, after the manner of the flesh. And it came to pass that I be-

held that she was carried away in the Spirit; and after she had been carried away in the Spirit for the space of a time, the angel spake unto me saying, Look! And I looked and beheld the virgin again, bearing a child in her arms. And the angel said unto me, Behold the Lamb of God, even the Son of the Eternal Father." (*1. Nephi xi: 13-15, 18-21.*)

There are some people, professing to be Christians, who do not believe in the divinity of the Savior: they believe that He was a great and good man, a mighty prophet; but they do not acknowledge Him as the Son of God. We do not see how anyone can believe Jesus to be a prophet, and at the same time deny that He is what He professed to be—the Son of the very Eternal Father.

There is much evidence to prove that Jesus Christ is of a truth the Only Begotten Son of God. In these brief articles, however, we are unable to tell the one hundredth part of what might be said in favor of the divinity of the Savior. A few references must suffice.

THE TESTIMONY OF JOHN.—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. * * * And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." (*John i: 1, 14.*)

"And John bore record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him. And I knew Him not: but He that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on Him, the same is He which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw, and bear record that this is the Son of God." (*John i: 32-34.*)

THE TESTIMONY OF MATTHEW.—“Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. * * * And Jesus when He was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him: And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” (*Matthew iii: 13, 16-17.*)

REVELATION GIVEN TO PETER.—On one occasion Jesus asked His disciples, saying, “Whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.” (*Matthew xvi: 15-17.*)

Jesus, probably, had reference to the day when he took with Him Peter, and James, and John, and led them up into an high mountain apart by themselves: “And He was transfigured before them. * * * And there appeared unto them Elias with Moses: and they were talking with Jesus. * * * And there was a cloud that overshadowed them: and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear Him.” (*Mark ix: 2, 4, 7.*)

Peter makes mention of that memorable occasion, in his second epistle, and says: “For He (Jesus) received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with Him in the holy mount.” (*II. Peter i: 17, 18.*)

But the Latter-day Saints have still

stronger evidence to prove that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. We have the testimony of men, who in our own day and generation have seen God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ face to face, and have heard the voice of God declare that Jesus is His Only Begotten Son. We refer to the Prophet Joseph Smith. On a bright morning in the spring of 1820 Joseph Smith retired to the woods near his father's house, for the purpose of pouring out his soul to God in prayer. While he was thus engaged, a bright light descended from heaven and fell upon him, in which he says: “I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name and said (pointing to the other) This is my beloved Son, hear Him.” (*Pearl of Great Price, page 59.*)

When we remember that this testimony cost the Prophet Joseph Smith his life, our faith in his words should be greatly strengthened.

THE WRITER'S TESTIMONY.—And now, in closing this subject, the writer desires to leave on record his humble testimony: Some years ago I first heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ preached by the Elders of the Church. Their testimonies made a great impression upon my mind. I was anxious to know if what they said was true. Finally I decided to pray to God; and believing with all my heart that He would hear and answer my prayer, I retired one night in the month of April, 1888, to a secret place, a short distance from my home. I knelt in prayer, and asked the Lord to reveal to me if Joseph Smith was a true Prophet and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints His Church.

No sooner had I finished praying, than I heard a voice from heaven, which

said unto me, "You did not pray in the name of Jesus Christ; but if you will pray in the name of Jesus, your request shall be granted."

Again I prayed, this time in the name of Messiah, and then the Lord revealed to me that Joseph Smith was indeed His Prophet. He told me the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only true Church upon the earth, and said if I desired salvation in the kingdom of God, I would have to obey the Gospel and become a member of the Church.

Wm. A. Morton.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

In visiting the large cities of the East, one is deeply impressed with the evident struggle for life which is going on in every direction. The absence of true brotherhood is very apparent; society is divided into classes, and the members of each class, however much they may sympathize with each other have but little time or opportunity to devote to helping one another.

In fact, selfishness seems to be the predominant feeling. It is, in too many instances, every man for himself, and the disposition to extend help and to put into operation the principles which the Savior taught with such force and emphasis, when He was among men, is not often seen.

Of course this condition of things has existed for long centuries, but it does not seem possible that it can continue forever. Intelligence is increasing among the masses; they have opportunities for obtaining knowledge such as have never existed in past times. With knowledge comes a yearning for a better, a higher and a truer life. Knowledge breeds

dissatisfaction in many instances with existing conditions. The wrongs that exist, the oppressions which are practiced, are felt to be almost unbearable, because, as information spreads and thought is developed, men and women believe the evils which abound are neither necessary nor beyond remedy. In the hope to improve their condition they cast about for remedies and are ready to enter into almost any combination that will give promise of better things and result in a better arrangement of society. It is for this reason, doubtless, that so many organizations of different kinds have been formed of late years.

The evils that afflict society at the present time are perceived also by men and women who do not belong to what may be termed the laboring classes. Advanced thinkers and writers and lecturers indulge in theories for the bettering of the condition of the people. Some of these are impracticable, others contain many suggestions which, if they were carried out, would lead to excellent results. There is a crying need for some practical system that will furnish relief to the people. It cannot be found in atheism, in socialism, in communism, nor in anarchism. These have been tried so repeatedly and with such signal failures, that they furnish no hope for permanent relief and deliverance. Apart from religion no schemes or plans for the amelioration of the condition of mankind can hope to be successful; relief can only be found in the teachings of the Son of God. Men must learn to carry into practical effect His precepts, they must learn to love their neighbor as they do themselves. If ever the time shall come, such as has been described by prophets and apostles—that millennium era to which the

righteous of all ages have looked forward—it will only be brought about by the practical adoption and application in every day life of those principles that the Savior inculcated, and which He commanded His followers to observe and practice. This cannot be done without His aid; there must be divine power brought into operation and made to bear upon mankind. Man of himself is incapable of effecting the needed reforms; he must have God's help. The Spirit of God is promised to those who obey the commandments of God, and under its influence and by its power, man becomes a new creature; he is literally born again. By this agency and this agency alone, can the promises made through the prophets be fulfilled.

IMPROVEMENTS SUGGESTED.

It is interesting, however, to see the efforts which are being made in different directions and by different persons, to suggest improvements in existing conditions. I have been greatly interested in reading an article by a very prominent writer, W. D. Howells, on the brotherhood of men. His article is entitled, "Who are our Brethren?" He urges the view that men are under as great obligations to one another where no blood kinship exists, as where there is kinship, and he pleads for the cultivation of this brotherly feeling, and is strongly opposed to that feeling and sentiment which found its expression originally in the question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It appears to him that too much of this exists in modern society. He thinks the millennium will be brought about by the application of very simple rules of life. The members of a family live for one another; there is no effort, no friction in

their perpetual surrender of their several interests to the common good. He thinks that there need really be none in the State, if once the means of livelihood were assured to each citizen. Unconsciously, probably, to himself, he touches the vital point which we always have in view, and which we hope will sooner or later be brought about, at least among ourselves, by obeying the revelations which the Lord has given to us.

PROFIT SHARING.

Another magazine contains a very interesting account of the gradual growth of industrial partnership. A certain gas company found itself hampered by the aggressive action of a gas workers' union. This union became so strong and self-assertive as to almost practically take control of the work. There were non-union men, however, in the employ of the company, and to counteract the influence of the union, the hours of the non-unionists were shortened and their pay increased. This, however, did not solve the difficulty. The union grew more pressing, until it was found that the non-unionists would be forced into the union, and thus it would become the absolute master, unless something more was done to attach the non-unionists into the company. The superintendent, seeing the danger the company was in, proposed a scheme of profit sharing, to unionists and non-unionists alike, of course with the view that the union men would separate themselves from the union. They, however, rejected the proposition, but the non-unionists welcomed it, and signed an agreement accepting the scheme and promising not to strike.

The agreement was that provided the

gas sold for a certain amount, a bonus on the wages of workmen and the salaries of officers should be paid annually. This bonus could either be drawn in cash, or left in the company's hands to accumulate at 4 per cent. interest. The result was most gratifying: a large amount of the annual bonus was left in the company's hands, besides large deposits in the shape of savings, a considerable amount also was invested by the workmen in the company's ordinary stock. A struggle followed and the union was broken, but the relations of the company with their workmen have been most satisfactory ever since.

In a very few years, by the operation of this new system, every man in the company's employ will become a shareholder in his own right, and will, without doubt, have a voice in the management of the company. This movement will mark a new departure in the relation of capital and labor, and will make the workmen contented, so that labor agitators and socialists will not find much comfort in trying to bring about conflicts between capital and labor in that institution.

How beneficial such a system would be if generally introduced and adopted! It is a plan that might, we think, be tried with excellent results in every department of human industry where labor and capital are used, and would furnish a common ground upon which they could stand.

In view of the distress that exists in many communities, and which our community has to some extent suffered from, it is interesting to read the results which have attended the effort of Mayor Pingree of Detroit to help the poor. He tried a potato patch experiment, of which probably many of our readers have read. His plan

was to bring into use a portion of the six thousand acres of idle land within the limits of Detroit, and have this cultivated by poor families. In 1894, \$3,600 was raised by private subscription, to carry out this plan. Nearly one thousand families were aided in that year, and crops to the value of \$12,000 to \$14,000 were harvested. In 1895, the City Council appropriated \$5,000 for the purpose, and the crop harvested amounted to about \$30,000 in cash value.

This is a most excellent plan, and might be very profitably adopted by us. There is much vacant land which could be obtained for a purpose of this kind, and instead of men standing around in idleness and waiting for employment, they might put themselves to work, and raise, at least, their own potatoes and other vegetables. Men who are not accustomed to the cultivation of the soil, would find many Bishops and kind and helpful neighbors who would take pains to teach them the best methods of planting and raising vegetables and grains; and in this way, while their labor might not be as remunerative as they would like, they would be gaining experience, putting their time to good use, and furnishing themselves with the necessities of life, and thus avoid the humiliation of being dependent upon the charity of others. This is a plan that is worthy of being tried, and we are in the best position of any community on the continent to make such a plan a practical success.

The Editor.

WE must not take the faults of our youth with us into our old age, for old age brings with it its own defects.

WE must strive to make of humanity one single family.

A DEED OF KINDNESS.

The hill was alive with merry boys and girls on a bright Saturday afternoon in winter. What fun it was indeed to coast swiftly down the icy slope, and what shouts of ringing laughter as the sleds flew down the hill.

Young and old seemed to be having the gayest time possible. Big boys on double-runners, with crowds of little tots at their backs, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, turned the sharp corner at the end of the hill, to shortly help drag the heavy carry-all up to the top again.

The sun had almost set, and the rosy light filled the street, but before any had started to go home a man driving a large load of wood began to ascend the icy path. The sleds steered out of the way as the poor horse tried almost in vain to go on.

Suddenly he stopped, for he could go on no further. The road was so slippery that in trying to walk his hind legs slipped from beneath him. The man seemed enraged, and began whipping the poor creature. As the horse could not go on, the man struck harder. Then a little girl, Amy by name, got off her sled, and stepping up to the man said politely, "Couldn't I help you with your horse, sir? The load of wood seems very heavy for him." The man looked very much surprised, but stopped immediately. Amy went up to the horse, patted his nose gently, and whispered kindly in his ear. A number of boys were taking a few of the logs off the cart, and transferring them to their sleds to drag up the hill.

Amy then led the horse along, for she was very gentle, and the noble creature was perfectly willing to obey her. The man walked along and really felt much ashamed, as he ought. At last they

reached the top, and the boys put back the wood as the load was not too heavy for a level. As the children all bade each other good-night to go home, the man turned around, saying, "Many thanks to ye, my lads, and to the little missy," which showed how he felt.

GOD'S FARM.

As a rainbow above life's evening,
As a poem that sootheth care,
Like apples of gold in pictures of light,
The silver of here and there—
A vision, the rarest and dearest,
Spreads o'er me its redolent charm,
The scent of the orchard and meadow,
The glamor and glow of the farm.

I remember the home on the hillside,
House, garden, old well and the lane?
The wide-spreading fields of the npland,
And the lowland with billows of grain.
Again, the fair redbreasts are mating,
And building soft nests 'mid the trees;
Of cherries, blood red, I am dreaming,
As I sleep 'mid the hum of the bees.

The path to the woodland familiar,
Close bordered with clover and thyme,
I am treading again 'mid the daisies
Green aisle of the dear olden time.
The sunbeams were brighter and sweeter
The cool springing fountain, of nook,
I drank, and I splashed, and I laughed,
To behold that urehin's queer look.

'Twas me, and 'tis I, am advising,
(I, the sage of the years, growing gray,)
The youth the dreamers to linger,
With the flowers and the fountain to stay;
Stay close to the heart of the homestead,
Where the rainbow of hope goes not down,
Expand thy young life in the sunshine:—
God's farm! who would change for man's town?

WE ought not to isolate ourselves, for we cannot remain in a state of isolation. Social intercourse makes us the more able to bear with ourselves and with others.

WE reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKERS.

A Dialogue.

Scene: A playground near a country school-house. Five girls standing near an old bench.

Characters: AMY BROWN, MATTIE WILLIS, KATY PACK, PHEBE WOLF, JULIA BECK, ROSA WHITE, LILY TAYLOR, (CONSCIENCE) a very little girl, and five other very small girls, the six dressed in white.

(ROSE WHITE enters, walks sulkily across the stage, sitting down on a log some distance from the other girls.)

MATTIE: Well, girls, I guess we won't be bothered with Rose White for a while; I'm glad she is out of this game. (Taking up a rope and starting a game of "Jump the rope.")

JULIA: "She would like to be here; see how she watches us. Did you hear what she said about us to Phebe Wolf this morning?"

AMY: Yes; Phebe told us at recess.

JULIA: She says we are like "Old Parker's" dog—always barking, but we can't bite.

PHEBE: I would just like to show her how hard a Wolf can bite when it gets mad.

MATTIE: She says teacher doesn't like her, and that no one does.

KATY: She is so cross and mean, and she always wants her own way when we play.

AMY: She is angry because I got the first prize in Sunday school. Rosa worked hard for it, and so did I. She might have had it; but she don't need to be jealous, and I don't like her a bit.

JULIA: She is the very worst girl I ever saw.

KATY: Yes, she is; but say, girls, we can have such fun with her.

ALL: How! how!

KATY: I'll tell you if you will agree to do it.

GIRLS: We will, if we can.

MATTIE: Anything for some fun; but mamma told me not to play with Rosa, and I shan't.

AMY: What is it, Katy?

KATY: One of us go and make up with Rosa; get her to talk about the rest, and when she has talked herself out come and tell us what she says.

AMY: But that will not be right.

KATY: She has talked mean enough about us, and I think we ought to get it back on her, don't you, girls?

JULIA: Yes, I do. Maybe it will teach her a lesson.

PHEBE: Who will go?

MATTIE: Amy is the best one to talk.

JULIA: Yes, Amy, you can do it best.

KATY: Come, Amy, say yes, and go; we will wait here till you come back.

PHEBE: Go on, Amy; you know Rosa would always listen to you before she would to either of us.

(Mattie and Katy take hold of Amy and push her gaily toward Rosa.)

AMY: I'll go to please you, but I don't want to. You stay here.

JULIA: We will do that. (They sit down on the bench.)

(Amy goes slowly toward Rosa. When about half-way across the stage, Lily Taylor, dressed in white, with a badge bearing the name Conscience, enters close to Amy.)

CONSCIENCE: A traitor! a traitor! The Lamb of God was betrayed to death by a traitor.

(Amy stops with clasped hands and downcast eyes.)

AMY: A traitor! Yes, teacher told us only last Sunday that Judas Iscariot was a traitor, for he betrayed our Savior, Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God. Am I like Judas? O, Heavenly Father, please

forgive and help me act a better part! (Amy stands in an attitude of supplication.)

CONSCIENCE: A peace-maker! a peace-maker.

AMY: With Thy help, O my Savior, I will be a peace-maker. (Amy goes to Rosa. Conscience goes out.)

ROSA: What are you here for?

AMY: To ask you to cheer up and join us in our play.

ROSA: You don't want me there. The girls are all mad at me, and I won't go where I'm not wanted, only to be made fun of again. You go back. I don't want to play anyway.

AMY: Don't feel bad any longer, Rosa. I know we have been unkind to you, but if you will come with me now it will be made right. Come on. Let us be better and help the others to be better, then the Lord will love us all.

ROSA: You wouldn't play with the girls if they hated you?

AMY: We don't hate you, Rosa. I love you, and want you to please forgive me for being unkind to you.

ROSA: You have acted no worse than I have, and you always take my part when others tease me. I know I am cross and ugly sometimes; then is the time that I need kind words, and sympathy, and help; but, Amy, then is the time that I get the most cross words from all, at school and at home, too. I know I'm mean, but nobody loves me, and it's so hard to be good. If everybody loved me like they do you, but they don't.

AMY: Everybody loves me when I'm good, because I love everybody.

ROSA: Wish I could be good, and love everybody like you do.

AMY: Mamma says when others are impatient and cross I should be more pleasant and have kind words and smiles

for all. I have been trying it, and every day I meet someone who needs kind words, only sometimes I forget; but mamma says when we try all the time the angels are close by to help us.

ROSA: How do the angels help us?

AMY: They whisper to us when we are tempted to do wrong and tell us what is right.

ROSA: I thought that was our conscience.

AMY: We call it conscience; but isn't it our good angel, for it always tells us to do right so that our Heavenly Father can love us? He does love us, for He sends good angels to guard us.

ROSA: I'm going to try harder to be good.

AMY: So shall I, then we will always be happy. Come on, the girls are beckoning for me.

ROSA: I will tell them I'm sorry, and maybe they won't be angry any more.

AMY: I am sure they won't. (They join the other girls.)

JULIA: What has Amy been doing—they are both coming.

KATIE: Made up with her, and will want us to, but I won't.

AMY: Girls, we have come to "kiss and make up." Will you all forgive me for being unkind to Rosa, and for consenting to do what I started to do?

KATIE: I'm the one who needs forgiveness. I proposed it; will you please forgive me, girls?

MATTIE: And I, for I coaxed Amy.

PHEBE: So did I.

JULIA: We did the wrong, not Amy.

AMY: We have all done wrong, but it is all right now; so let us go and gather some flowers for poor, sick Bessie Brown, she is no better today.

KATIE: We will, but first tell us what makes you so happy.

AMY: I started to Rosa a (*hesitating*)

traitor; but I met my little peace-maker, who taught me a better way to be happy.

JULIA: Who is your little peace-maker?

AMY: Conscience.

PHREE: Girls, we all have a little peace-maker like Amy's; let's try and keep it near us after this.

(Amy starts up a song, in which all join as they go arm in arm from the stage, followed by the six little girls in white, led by Conscience, Amy's little Peace-maker.

Song. Tune, "Little children love the Savior."

Jesus calls us little children,
Let us serve Him day by day,
Heeding still the voice of conscience,
Walking in the narrow way;
Let us now forgive each other,
Resting not in sin content,
All our faults should be forgiven,
And our lives in love be spent.

Yes, we will forgive each other,
Angry words no more be said,
We will heed the voice of conscience,
By her whispers we'll be led;
Serving still our blessed Savior,
Walking in the path He trod,
Speaking kind words to each other,
Holding fast the iron rod.

Hattie Young.

READY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY.

There are always opportunities enough in this world for those who are fitted to fill them and ready to work. But the boy who wants an easy place is likely not to get any, and the one who thinks he does not need any preparation for filling a useful position will probably never get far from the foot of the ladder. The president of one of our national banks tells this story:

A number of years ago a lad came into the bank and said to me, "Do you want a boy?"

I said "What can you do?"

He said, "I will try and do whatever I am set to. I am just through school, and I want to earn my living."

I said, "Do you know shorthand?"

He replied, "No, sir."

I said, "I think it would be a good plan for you to learn it."

About a year afterward he came to me again and said:

"Do you remember advising me to learn shorthand? Well, I have learned it."

I said, "Sit down and take this pencil and paper."

I dictated to him and he read what he had taken down.

I said, "I think we can find a place for you."

A few months ago this young man was appointed cashier.

HOW WASTE IS SAVED.

How many of my little readers realize that a large percentage of the beautifully white sugar which they seem to have a special tooth for, and which they see their mothers use with such freedom in many of the operations of the kitchen, has actually passed through blood before it reaches the warehouse from which the grocery-man obtained it. Yet such is the fact. In the large slaughter-houses of the great cities, where profits are reckoned by cents upon the animal slaughtered, instead of by dollars, hardly a single part of the animal is permitted to go to waste. Even the blood, which the butcher lets out with a quick cut or thrust of his knife, is turned to useful purposes. You have perhaps heard that people afflicted with certain forms of disease—among others consumption, we believe—used to be, and may still be, advised to drink a

tumbler of hot blood fresh from the bullock's throat—and that some even here in Utah, where consumption is a comparatively rare disease, followed the advice. But other and more general uses for the red fluid have been found. Some portions are used for obtaining the sizing, or smoothness of surface, possessed by certain kinds of printing paper. Other portions—those from which the fluid has all been extracted, yield to the manufacture of solid articles, and look like hard rubber. But more important than either of these uses, is the employment given to the purest portions of the blood in refining sugar. The process is simple enough—the crude sugars are dissolved in water and mixed with the blood; then heat is applied, until a certain element of the blood, called albumen, rises like a scum, carrying with it all impurities in the syrup. That being removed, the refined product is whiter than ever, and no doubt sweeter.

But I have only spoken of one of the products which were formerly considered the waste of the slaughter houses. Of course the hides and tallow have always had a certain value among civilized people, and even many barbarians, for from the one came leather, and from the other came candles and many kinds of oils, as well as soap when other ingredients were mingled. The tallow today, however, forms a more important article of table use than most people know, for it yields the principal part of oleo-margarine, which in many places is largely taking the place of butter—sometimes with and sometimes without the knowledge of the consumer. But nowadays there is hardly a single part of the carcass that is not turned to a useful purpose. The bones are employed for the extraction of gelatine, for the pro-

duction of certain chemicals, and lastly are converted into animal charcoal. The intestines when prepared are used by druggists and certain manufacturers for making air-tight coverings for bottles and other receptacles, besides the important use as "gold-beater's skin," in the manufacture of gold leaf. "Camel's hair" brushes are made from the soft hair inside the ear of cattle, and of course you all know how good a brush for coarser purposes is made from the bristles that grow along a hog's neck and back. From the hoofs come gelatine and glue, which are also furnished by the bony inside part of the horns, scraps of the hide, the ears, feet, etc.; while the horn itself, when softened, colored, and polished, is made to take the place of fine tortoise shell, besides being converted to the more common uses of knife handles, buttons and combs.

I might go on and tell of a great many strange uses to which seemingly worthless materials are put, but these few notes upon the economy which prevails in utilizing slaughter house waste, called to mind by a recent magazine article, will no doubt give a hint to each thoughtful reader as to many other instances where a saving has been effected in recent years, or may be. The study of these things is commendable; for the same kind of a benefactor is he who renders useful something which would otherwise be wasted, as is he who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before.

J. C.

LET us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Our Little Folks.

LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, May 1, 1896.

My dear young brothers and sisters: Your little stories which are printed in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, I read with much satisfaction. Nearly every one of them has made me feel well.

But one, I remember, made me feel bad; I will tell you why. It commenced with a note to the editor; then the story was written; and then the child's name and age were given, all as if it were entirely original; but it was not.

My own children noticed it first, and called my attention to the fact that the story was exactly the same as they had read in a book belonging to myself.

When I compared the two, I found that my children were right. Then I felt bad, because the child who had copied the story and sent it to the INSTRUCTOR had made such a mistake.

It is a very good thing for young writers to copy from the works of good authors; but this should be done for practice and improvement, and not to be passed off as their own productions; that is, as their own stories or letters. If some things they find in books seem to them so good that they would like to see them reprinted in our own INSTRUCTOR, it is all right for them to copy such things and send them to the editor; but in such a case, they should either name the author and give credit where it is due, or inclose in the proper quotation marks, to show that it is a quotation, thus:

"This, above all, to thine own self be true;
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The child who copied the story I have mentioned, did not think of being

dishonest in so doing, I believe. But parents and teachers, at least many of them, want their children to learn and to understand the difference between right and wrong in all things. It is with this feeling that I write now: to correct a mistake which our editor, doubtless, has not had brought to his notice.

And now I will try to explain this matter, so that all the children will understand what I mean, by making an illustration.

We will suppose that a neighbor of ours has a very beautiful flower-garden; that he has planted and raised the flowers himself, and they are a great credit to him. I buy a bouquet of him, or perhaps he gives me some of his flowers. Taking them to the editor, I lead him to believe that by my own cleverness and industry I have raised the flowers myself. The editor is pleased with the flowers, and puts a nice notice of my success in flower culture in his magazine. Would it be honest in me to allow such a thing to take place?

You can see, can you not? children, that in so doing, I should be seeking for honor and accepting praise which belonged to my neighbor. To be sure the flowers would be mine if I paid for them, or if they were given to me; but I could not claim the credit of having raised them and be truthful and honest.

Yet such a course would be quite as honest and honorable as to copy a story from a book written by Louisa May Alcott, or Fanny Fern, or any other author, and pass it off as my own thoughts, even though the book from which I copied might be my own, having been given me by a friend, or purchased with my own money.

Children, I love your letters and

stories, and hope you will all continue to write who have written, and that many more will write. And I hope, too, you will remember the lesson I have tried to make plain in this letter. For there is nothing you can learn that will be of more worth to you than a knowledge of how to be true and honest in all things. I am always your affectionate friend,

Lula.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 317.)

An occupation that Robbie engaged in during the autumn was that of gleaning. After the wheat was gathered at harvest time he would get permission from the owner of a field to go and gather what he could of the grain that was left scattered over the ground.

Each morning he took a sack and proceeded to the wheat field, carrying with him a few slices of bread and butter for his dinner. In the course of the day he would gather about a bushel of wheat heads. The stems he would break off as he proceeded with his work, to make his load that much lighter, as he often had a long distance to carry it.

By laboring in this way for two or three weeks, he would glean enough wheat to feed his mother's hens during the winter; and this was quite a help to her. The dozen or two hens and a cow which she kept were what she at one time mainly depended upon for support. Another task for the boy was that of driving the cow to the pasture. One day, while on his way to the pasture after the cow, Robbie came nearly losing his life by drowning.

He and four other boys went in swimming in a creek near where the cow was pastured. This stream had

numerous crooks and turns in it, and frequently there were deep holes at these turning places. Near these holes the boys were in the habit of bathing, as the water in other places was not deep enough to swim in. At this particular time, while in bathing, Robbie somehow got into deep water and was unable to get out. He managed to call for help, however, and then sank beneath the surface.

The other boys at once made an effort to rescue him. They first grasped each others' hands tightly, and while one of them held to some willows on the bank of the creek, the boy farthest from him reached out with the hand that was free and grasped the drowning boy. Then the one near the bank pulled with all his might and brought the whole chain of boys out.

In after years Robbie has often thought the Lord takes special care of young children who have not had experience to make them wise, or else there would be more accidents than there are among them.

In his own case, while a small boy, he could count six times he came nearly being drowned; four times he barely escaped being shot with a gun; and three times he narrowly escaped being run over by a wagon, while several times he came very close to other dangers. Then he could not begin to tell the number of times he had gone all day with wet feet in midwinter, not knowing the danger it was to his health, and through thoughtlessness failed to tell his mother about his condition.

But he had always been taught to observe the Word of Wisdom, that is, not to smoke, nor drink tea, coffee, or strong liquors. His health was therefore good; his body was strong; and when he ignorantly broke some of the

other laws of health he was able to a great extent to resist or keep off the bad effects of breaking them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

A Dream.

About the latter part of February of this year I had the following dream: I found myself in the spirit world, and I saw a great multitude of people, in fact, millions upon millions of them. I thought I had come there to preach the gospel. There appeared to be several persons preaching the gospel, and hearing and seeing those persons thus engaged brought to my mind the object of my visit there.

I then started in to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ as it was given to me. I taught them that those present should believe in Jesus Christ, as the Son of God, who had been there and introduced Himself as the Son of God, and who had been slain in the flesh. I promised them that inasmuch as they would receive His doctrine, work should be done for them upon the earth in the temples of our God.

I awoke, and meditated for a time upon the dream, and then fell asleep again, when I had a continuation of the dream. I thought I saw persons being resurrected from the dead, which caused me to wonder. All at once through the Spirit, or some person, was shown to me the manner of the resurrection, and I thought I had the power given me to bring forth the dead. It was as simple in performance as baptism for the remission of sins. The dead were called forth in the name and by the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, and

I saw them come forth. Those that I saw arise were arrayed in white robes.

I now awoke, and cannot describe the joy and satisfaction that the Spirit gave me. I rejoiced before the Lord. I saw in my dream no other preachers than Latter-day Saint Elders.

Emelius Berg.

Grass Valley.

I have read in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR a piece from Grass Valley, in Washington County, so I thought I would write about our Grass Valley in Piute County. It is situated east of Sevier Valley and west of Rabbit Valley, with a range of mountains on both sides. The valley is between forty and fifty miles long, and from one-half to three miles wide, running a little from north-east to south-west. There are a number of canyons leading from the valley, with beautiful crystal streams flowing down some of them. The largest stream is headed in the upper or north end of the valley, and is found wending its way in a south-westerly direction until it reaches the Sevier River; in fact it is called the north fork of the Sevier River. In many places along the creek are beautiful meadows. The low hills on both sides furnish wood in abundance. The mountains are filled with saw timber and fencing.

The industries of this valley are stock-raising, dairying and farming. The canyons seem to have been made by an All-wise Creator for the special purpose of travel to and from the valley, as they required but very little work to make beautiful roads.

Prior to the 70's this valley was peopled by Indians only. How long they lived here we know not, nor could the oldest Indian in the tribe tell us.

But he has told my father that he had seen the time in this valley that they had to eat dirt to keep from starving. This Indian bore the name of Pauggy (this being the Indian name for fish). He had charge of Fish Lake and the fish which were in it, hence his name. He died about two years ago. He was blind, and his teeth were worn down level with his gums.

Fish Lake is situated in the tops of the mountains, a little north-east, and between four and five miles from Koosharem.

This valley contains six small settlements. The settlement where I live is about twelve miles from the head or north end of the valley. Its name—Koosharem—is the Indian name for the wild clover that grows here. We are about 7,000 feet above sea level.

In the summer of 1874 some families were called to come here and settle. Peter Rasmussen, Frands Peterson, and John Christenson came out and put up a log hut, built a corral and put up some hay. Peter Rasmussen brought his family in November. On the 3rd of January, 1875, Frands Peterson brought his family and John Christenson his widowed mother, who is known to us at present as Grandma Nielson.

Major C. P. Anderson and wife were living a few miles up the valley. One day while the folks from here was up there the ladies went upon a hill close to the road. A. K. Thurber, who had been appointed to look after the Indians in this valley, came along, and when he got even with the ladies he waved his hat and shouted, "Hurrah! four white women in Grass Valley!"

Other families soon came in. They worked in the United Order for two years, battling faithfully with the elements. In 1876, on the 10th of August,

their headed grain froze until it looked black. They fasted and prayed, and were rewarded in the fall with three hundred bushels. The wheat was shrunk, but still it made them bread. At one time while some of the brethren were out of the valley for supplies, those who remained were without bread for two days, except a little made from a pan of bran.

Now this settlement has a population of about sixty families.

Some years the frost injures our grain, but generally it is the best raised in Utah.

We still have some Indians living here, but not so many as when this valley was first settled, for there has been so many more deaths than births among them. We have seventeen Indians on our Sunday School roll. They are improving very fast, following after the whites, both in their homes and in their dress. In fact, we sometimes fancy their skins whiter than it used to be. They have been baptized, and some of them can read in two and three letters. My father, George A. Hatch, is their Sunday School teacher. Recently the chief asked father when Apostle Lyman was coming. He said, "You tell him tell Cannon send Ingen some pocket manomie (reading). Ingen heap likum read, likum picktuers."

Alice Arminie Hatch. Age 12 years.
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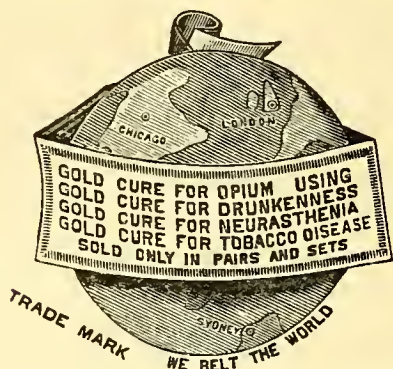
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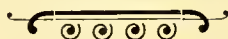
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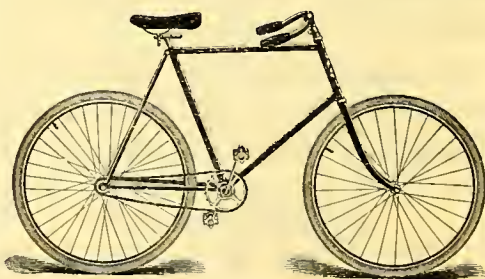
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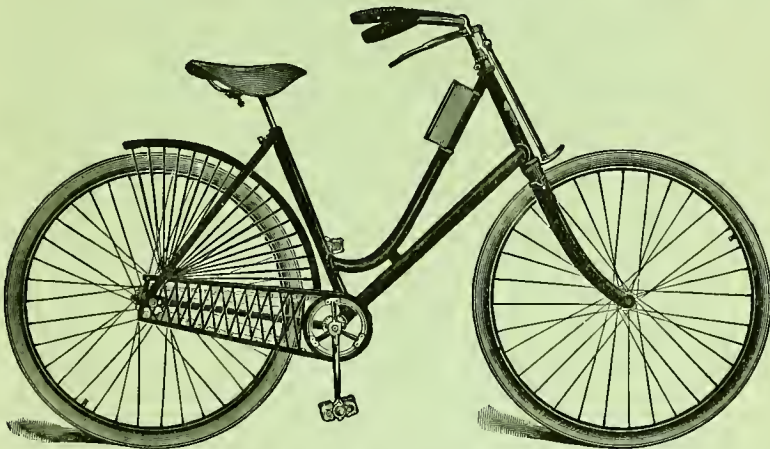
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